

POLICE

COMICS

AUGUST
No. 93

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
L.C.D.
8

**Plastic
Man**
tangles with a
TWINNING
TERROR!

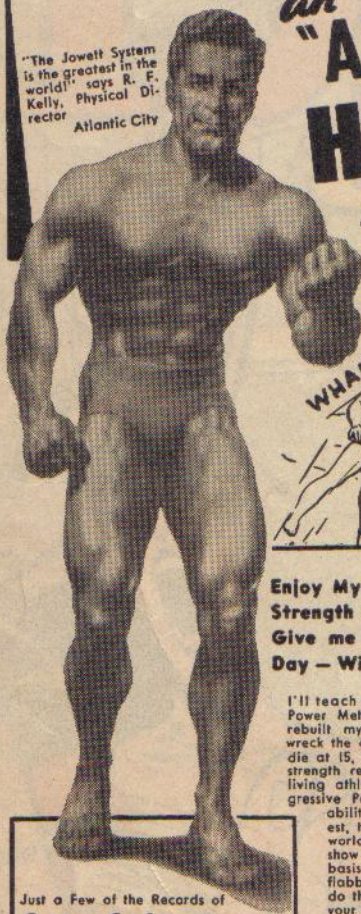




WEB COMIC
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Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make you

"The Jowett System
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Kelly, Physical Di-
rector
Atlantic City



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FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

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JOWETT
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Give me 10 Easy Minutes a
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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

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who was named Amer-
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Says he: "I owe every-
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—then consider the value
of the Jowett Courses!



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Plastic Man

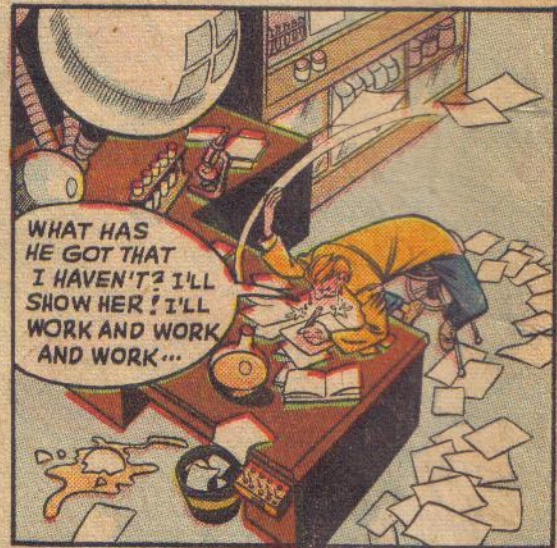
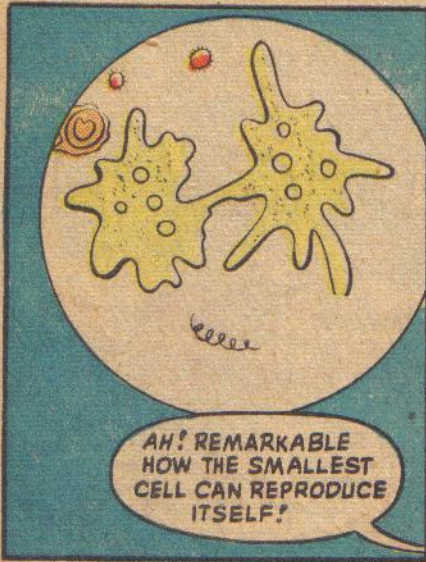
GOOD GLORY!
HE'S SPLITTING UP!

YAWN!
DON'T BE
SILLY,
PLAS!
HAVEN'T YOU
EVER SEEN
TWINS
BEFORE?

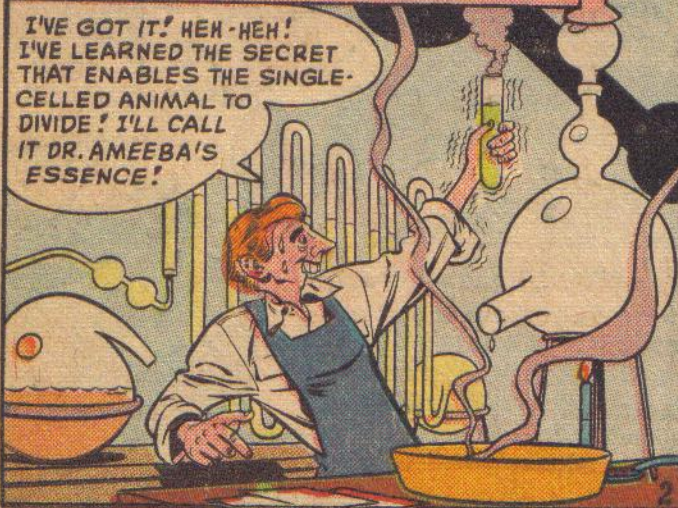
JEWEL
CENTER

But Woozy is wrong... as usual! Dr. Ameeba hasn't any twin! But he does have a unique ability, which he shares with the simplest form of single-celled animal life! It's an ability that makes **PLASTIC MAN** think he's seeing double!

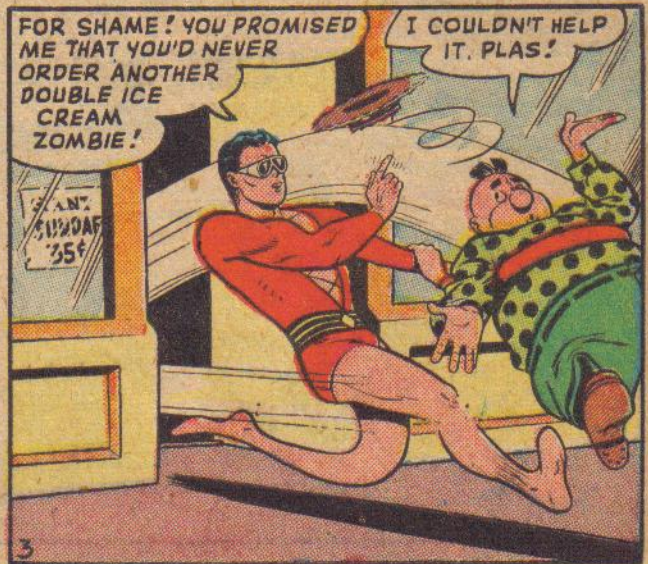
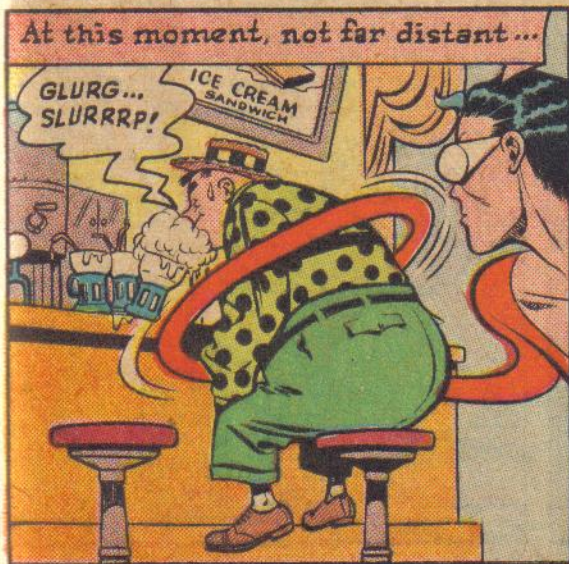
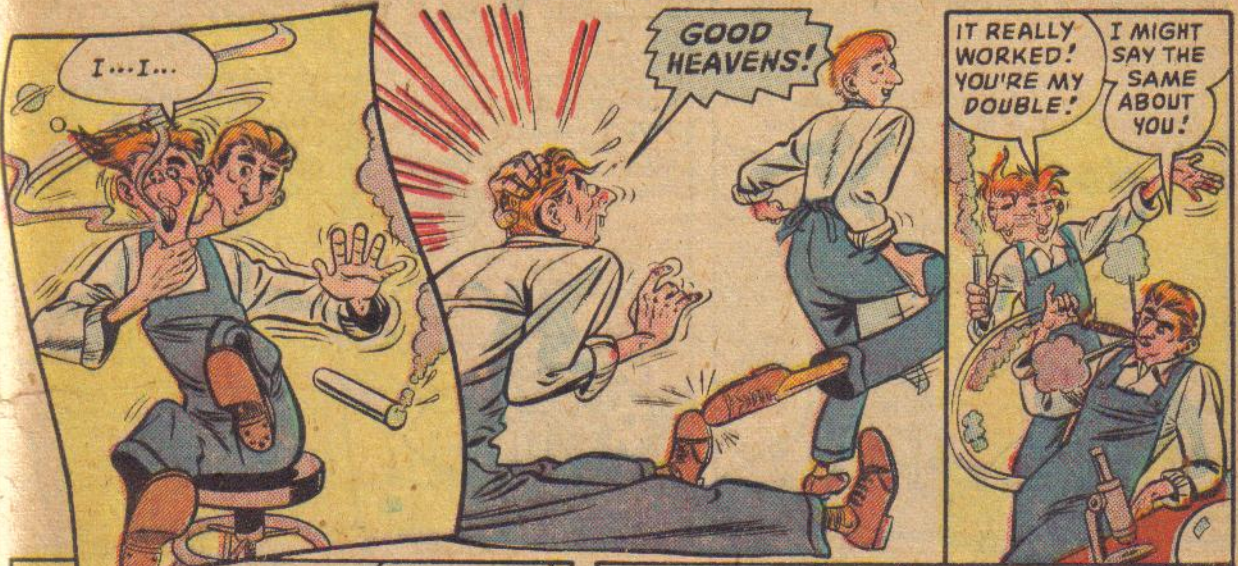
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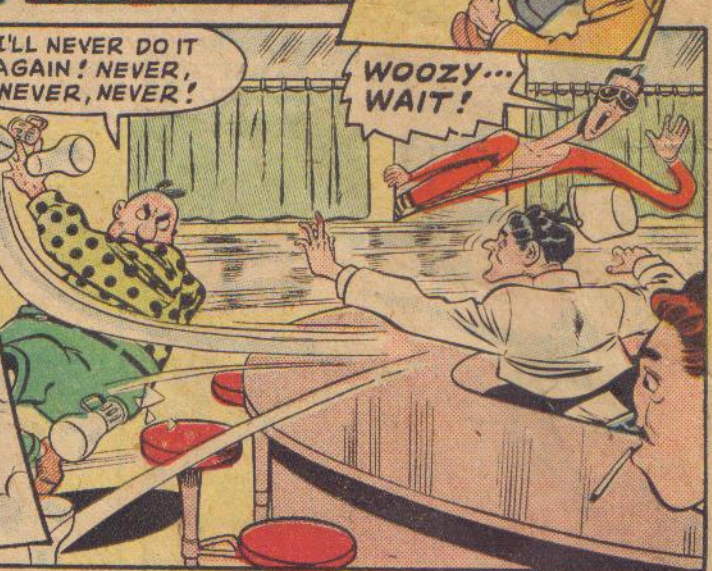
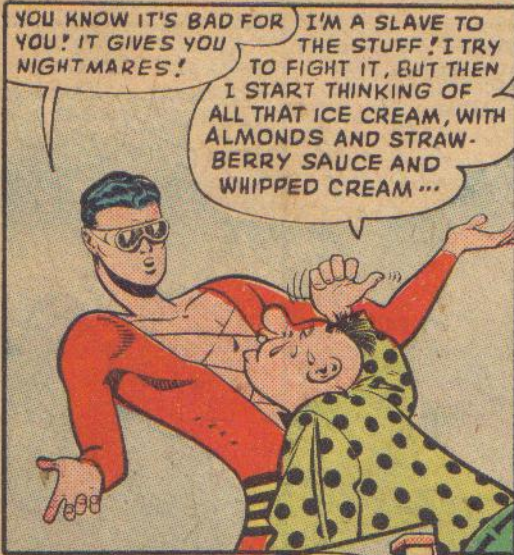


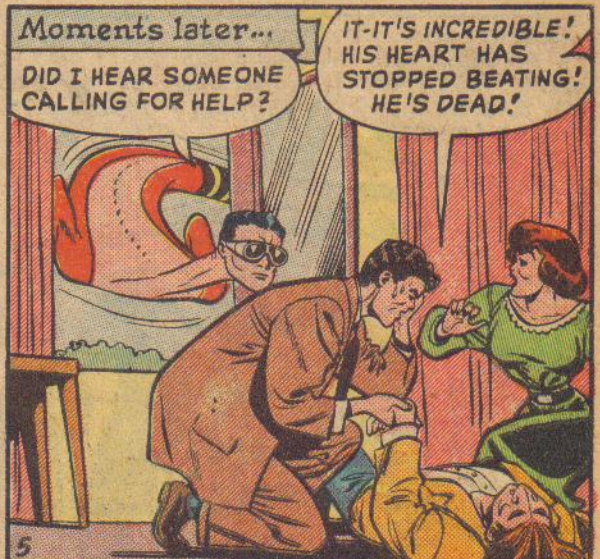
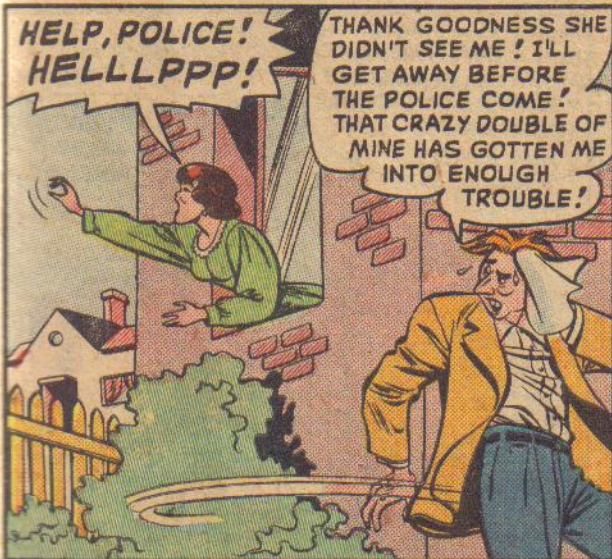
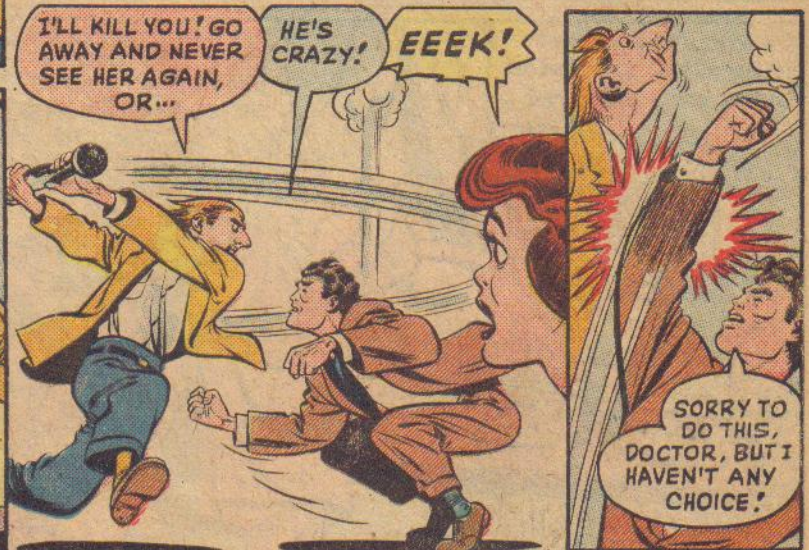
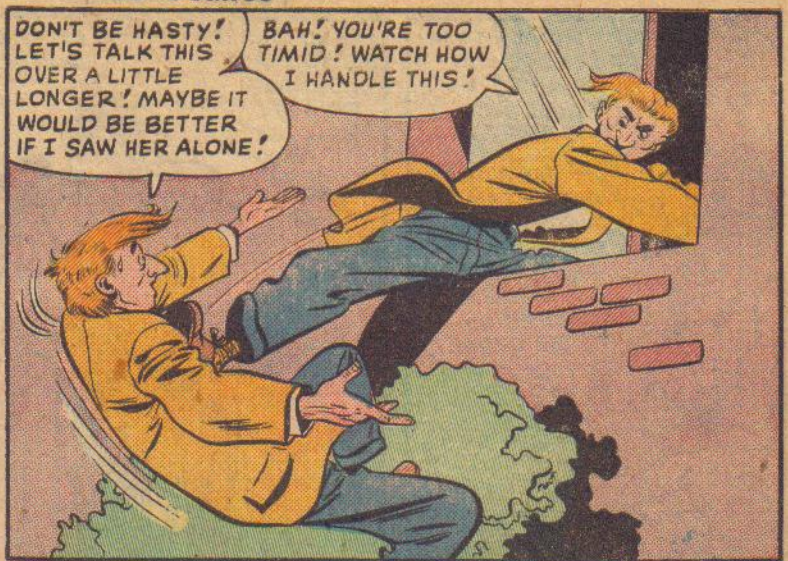
And finally, after weeks of labor...



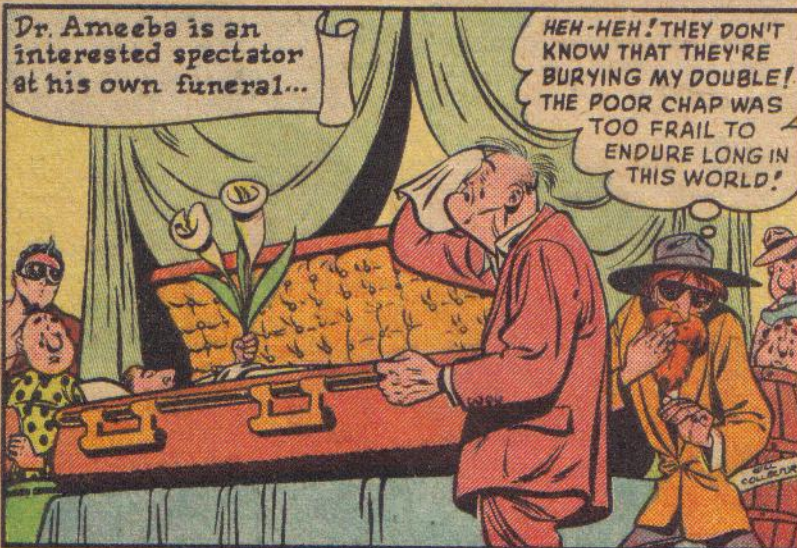
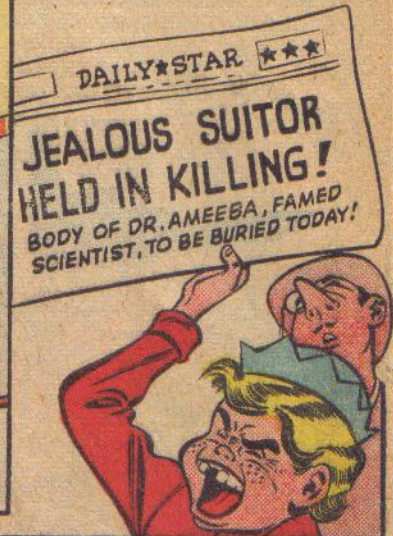
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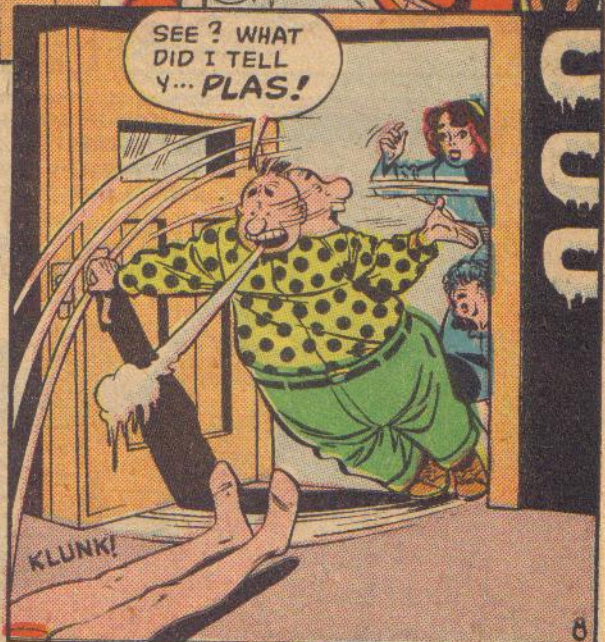
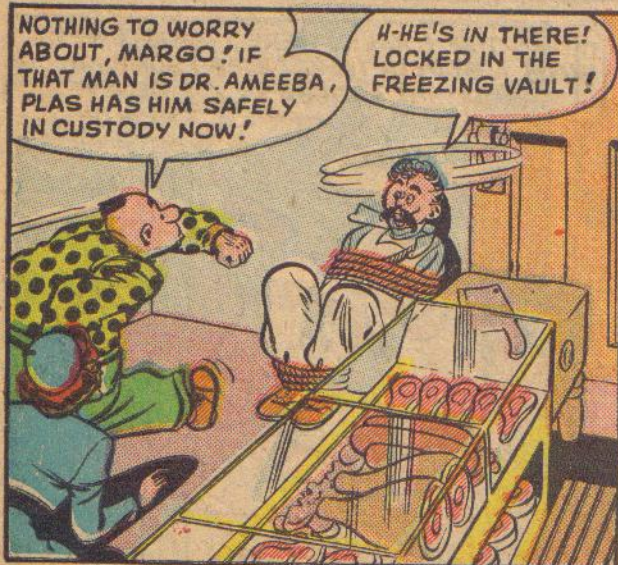
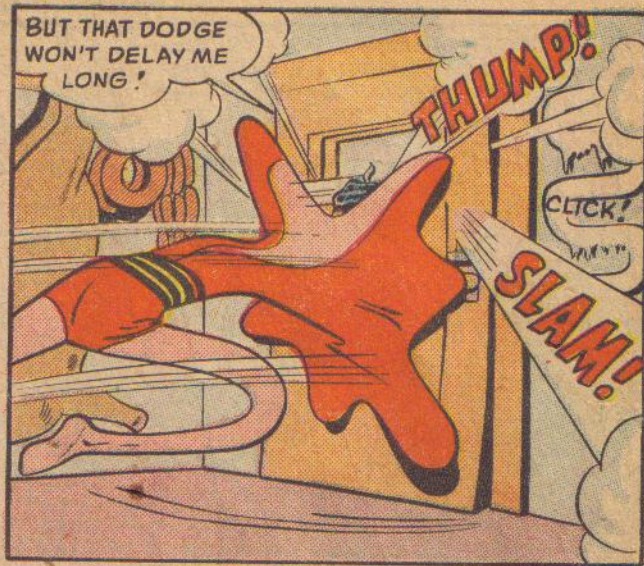




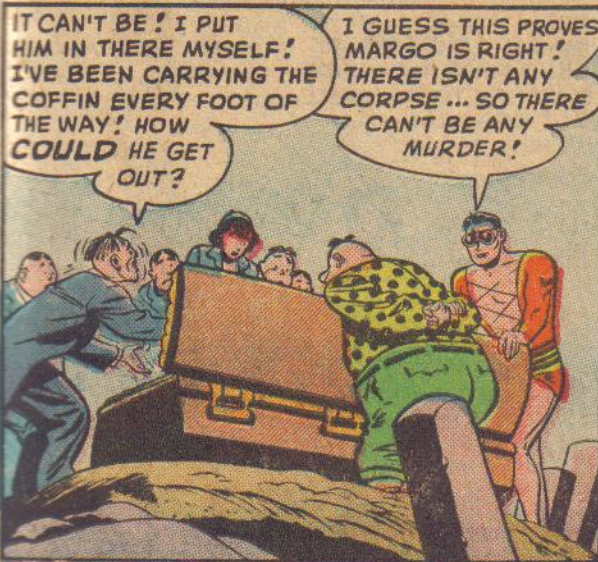
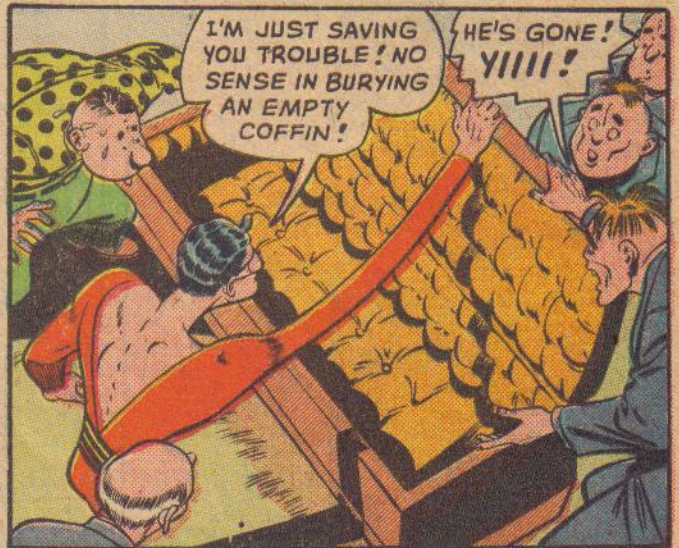
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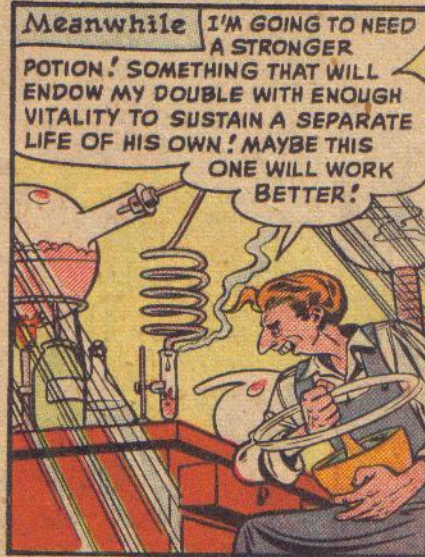
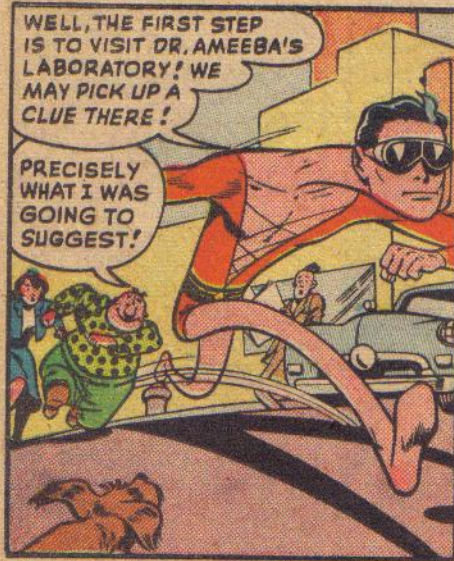
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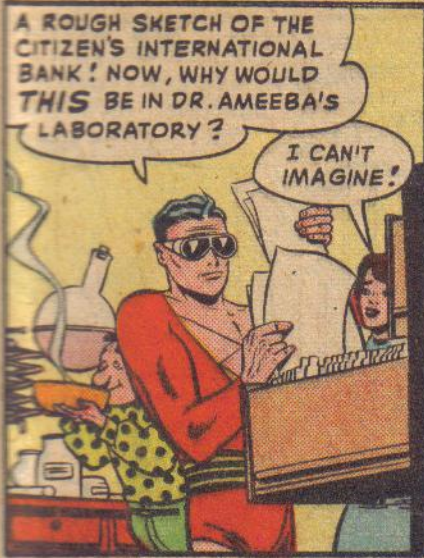
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A ROUGH SKETCH OF THE CITIZEN'S INTERNATIONAL BANK! NOW, WHY WOULD THIS BE IN DR. AMEEBA'S LABORATORY?

I CAN'T IMAGINE!

IT SHOWS THE LOCATION OF ALL BURGLAR ALARMS AND PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT! IT MIGHT BE THE BLUEPRINT FOR A ROBBERY! COMING, WOOLZY?

NO... I UH... WILL STAY TO LOOK FOR MORE CLUES, PLAS!

HE'S GONE NOW! THIS STUFF TASTES ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DOUBLE ICE CREAM ZOMBIE!

SAVE SOME FOR ME!



HUH? WHO ASKED YOU IN HERE?

I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY BACK TALK, YOU UGLY FACED BABOON!

YOU WOULDN'T WIN ANY BEAUTY CONTEST, EITHER!



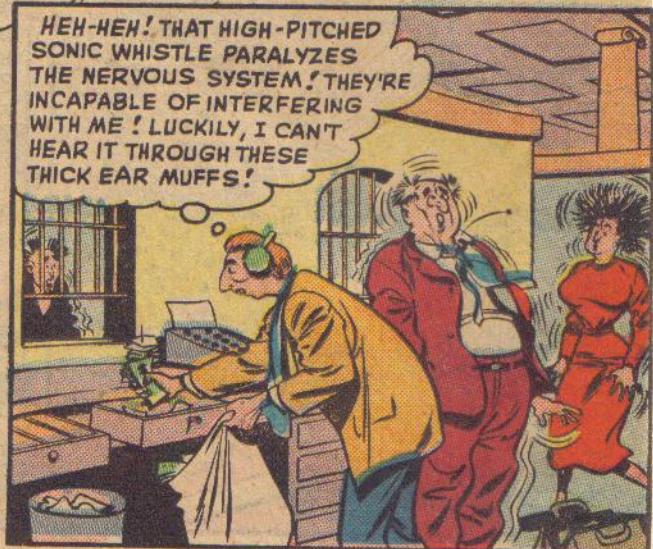
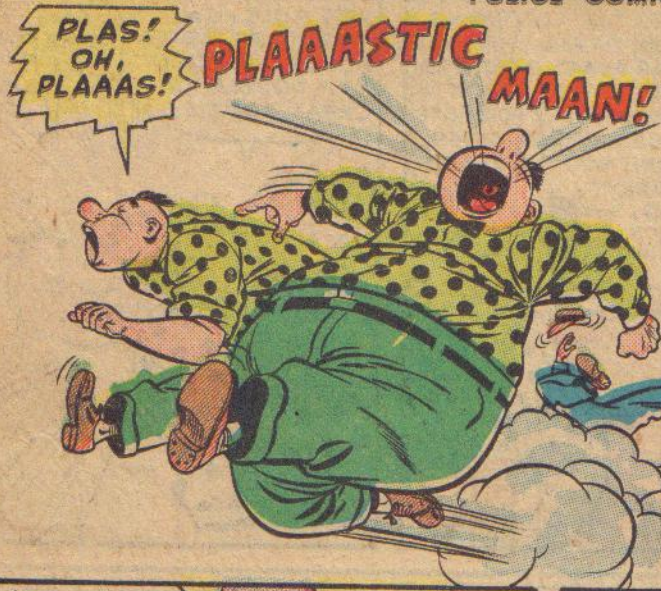
CALL ME NAMES, WILL YA? I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE! SO I'M GONNA CHANGE IT!

HEY, LOOK!

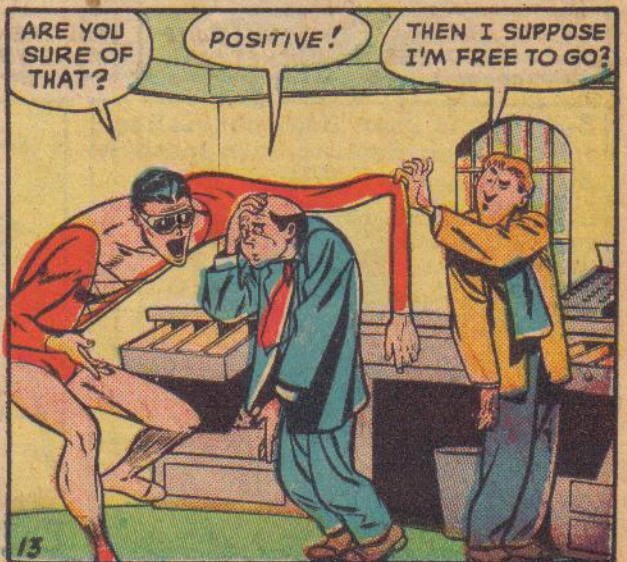
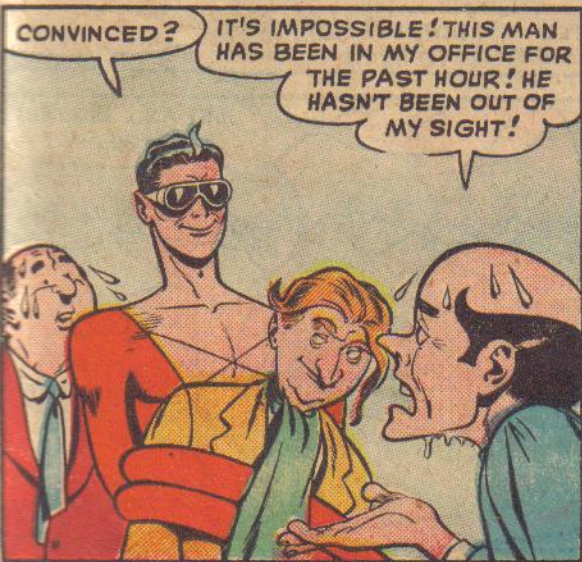
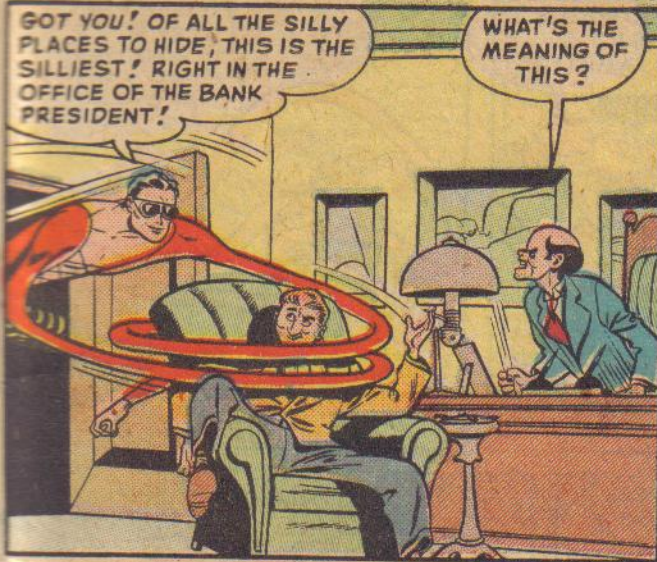


WE'RE IDENTICAL TWINS!

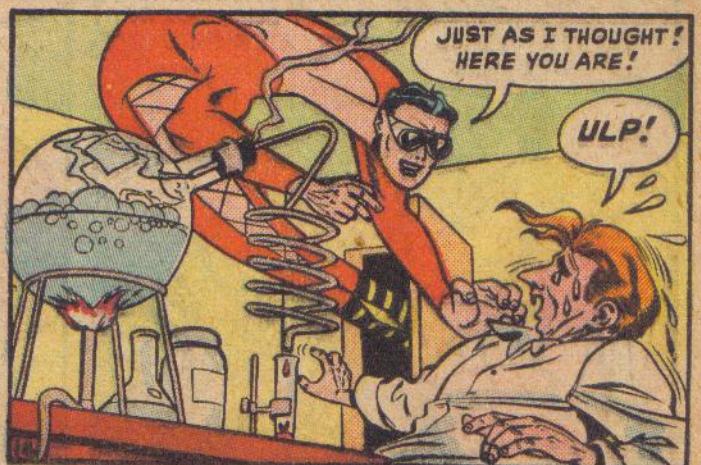
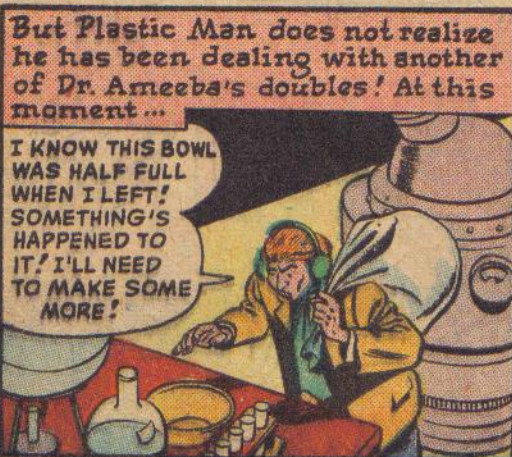
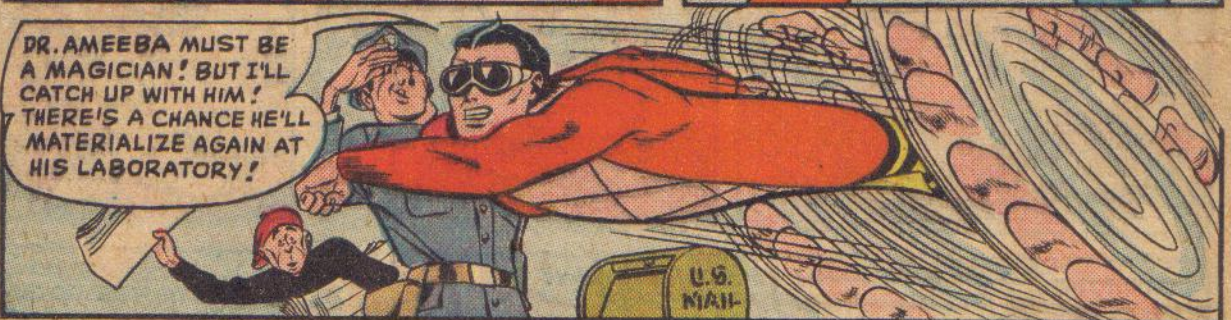
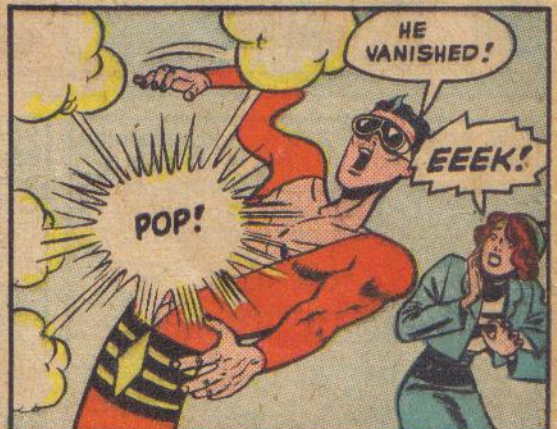
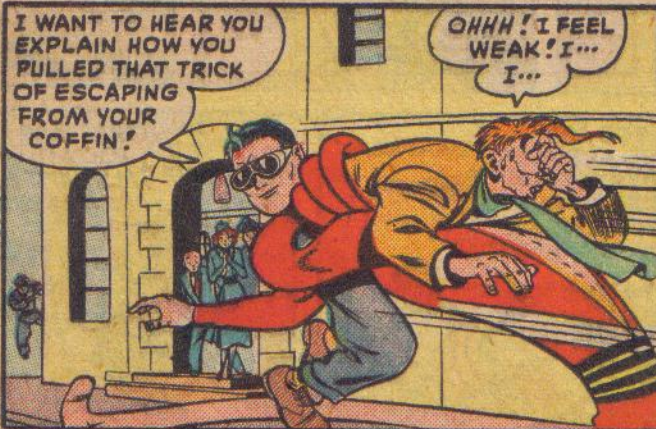
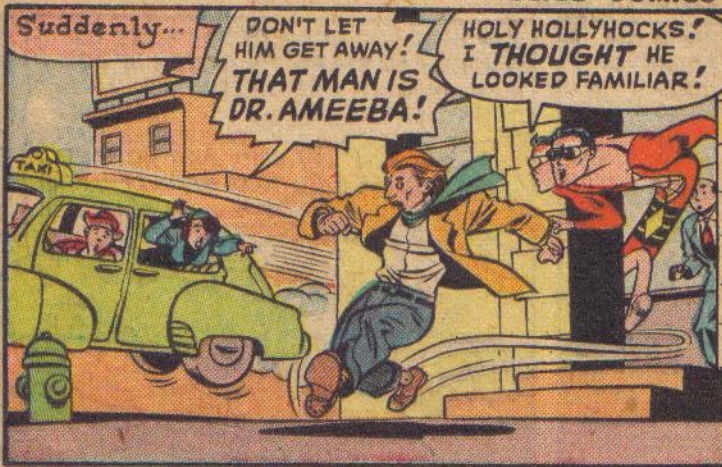
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN ALL MY LIFE!

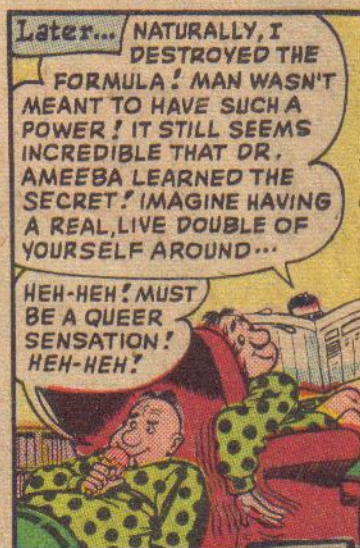
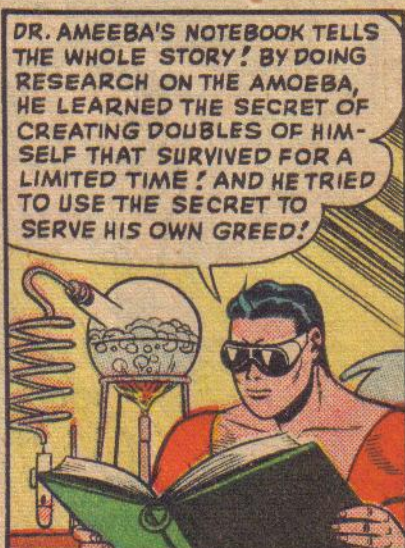
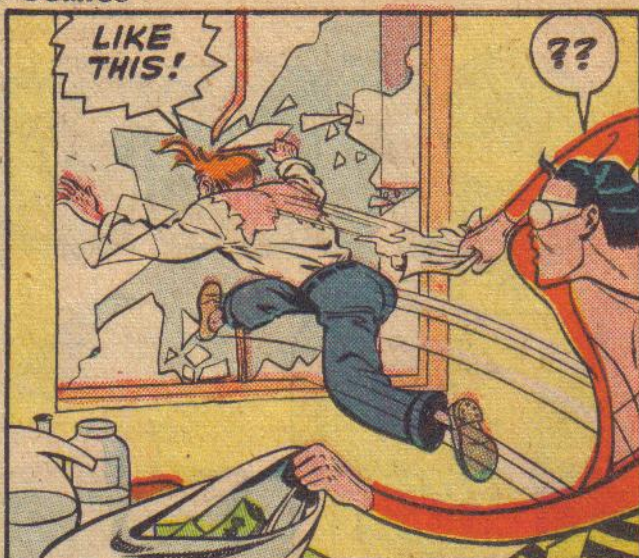
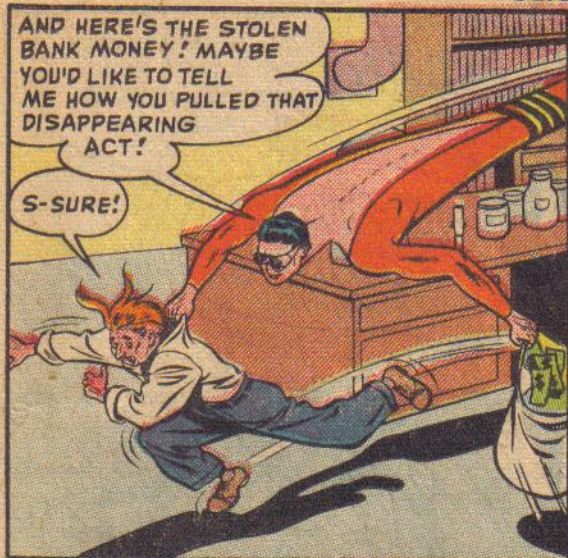


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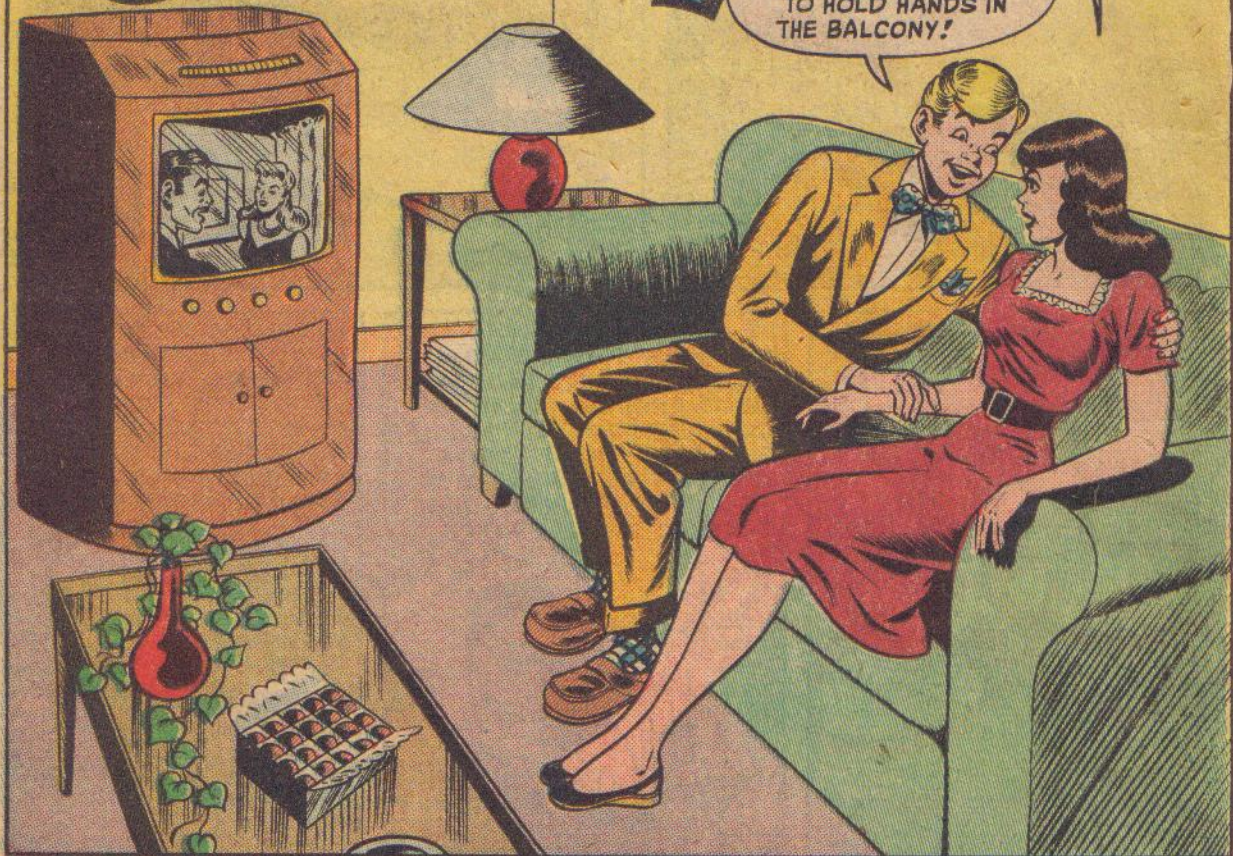




CANDY

ISN'T TELEVISION SIMPLY MARVELOUS, TED? NOW WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO GO TO THE MOVIES!

RIGHT, CANDY. IT'S A LOT CHEAPER THAN BUYING TICKETS JUST TO HOLD HANDS IN THE BALCONY!



GIVE ME A HAND, TED! THIS THING IS HEAVY!

WHATEVER IS IT, DADDY?

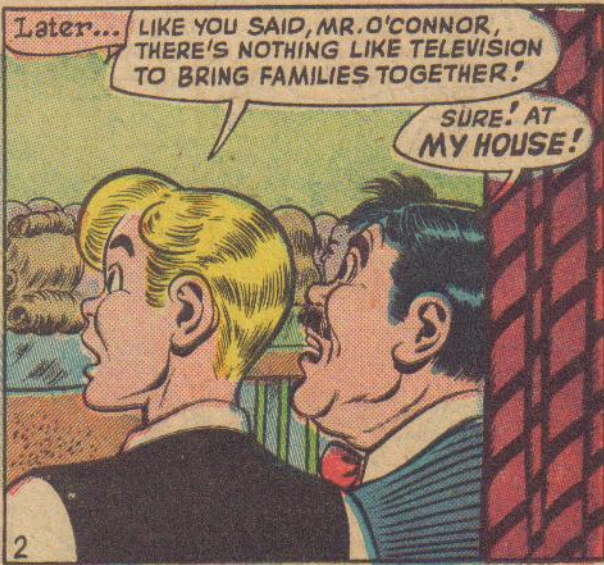


IT'S THE LATEST THING IN TELEVISION! JUST RECEIVED A SHIPMENT AT THE STORE! IF I'M SELLING THESE MODELS, I HAVE TO KNOW HOW THEY PERFORM!

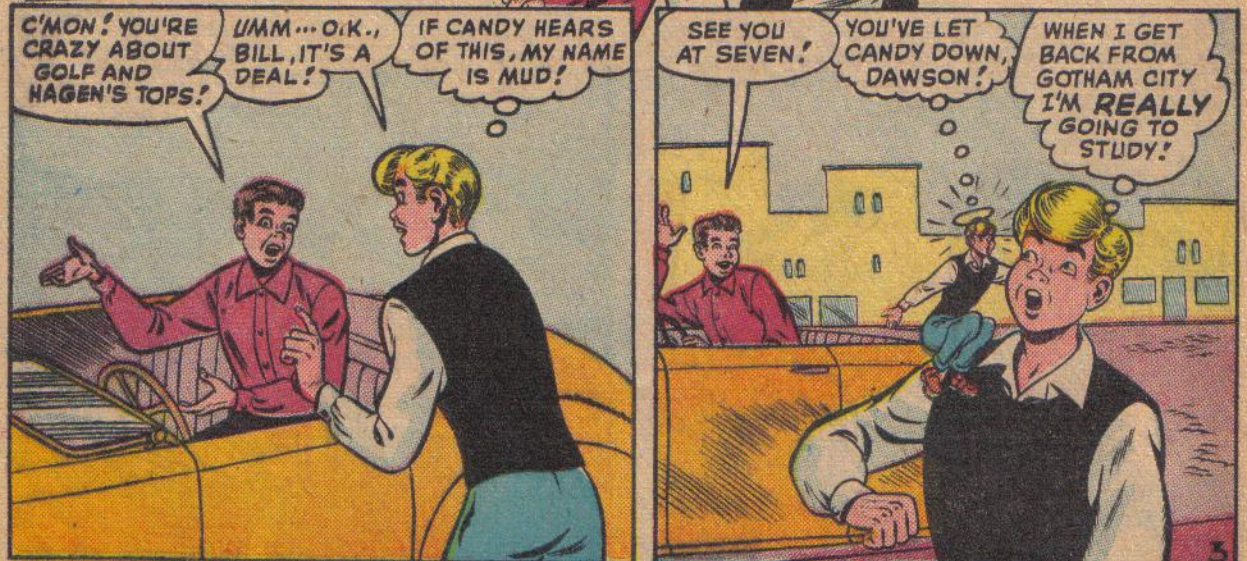
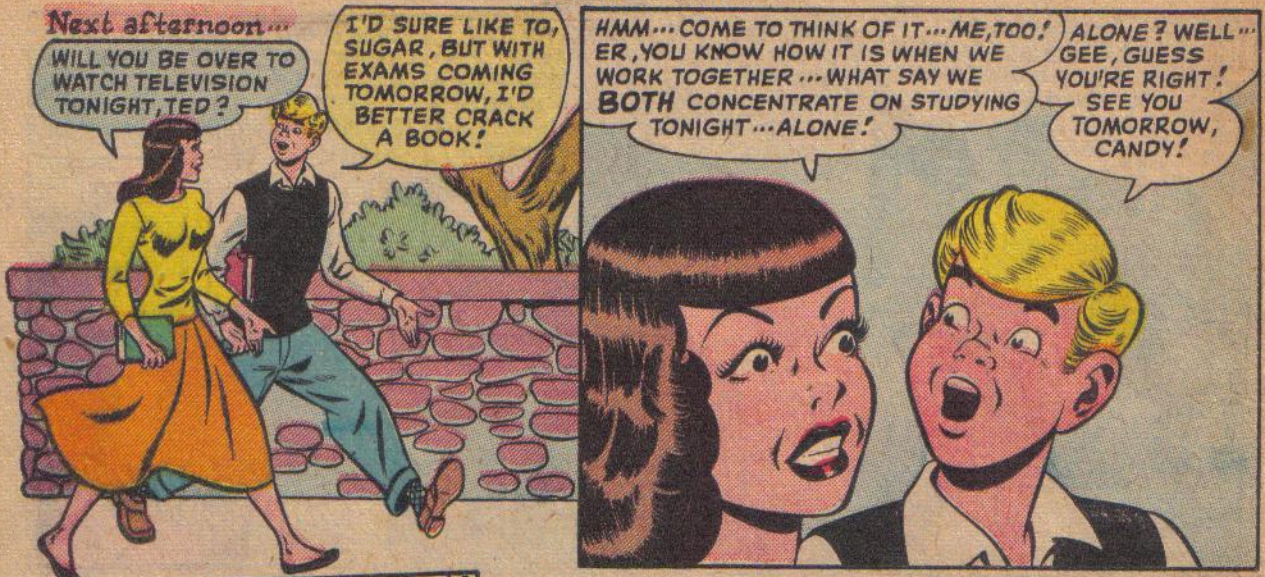
SOME CLASS! THAT NEW STATION IN GOTHAM CITY SHOULD COME IN GREAT!



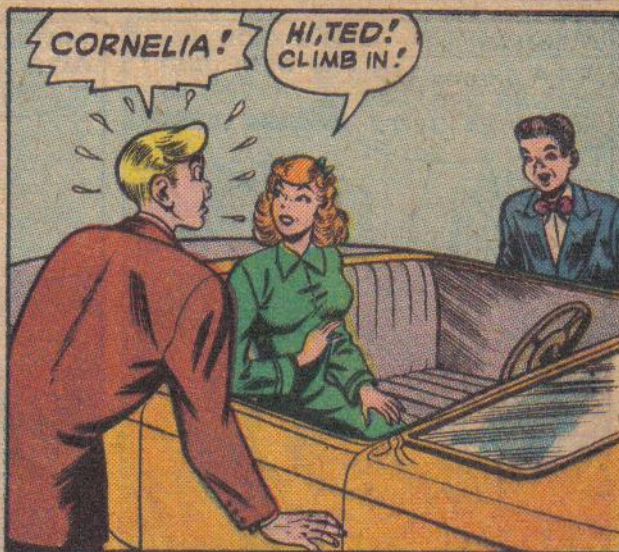
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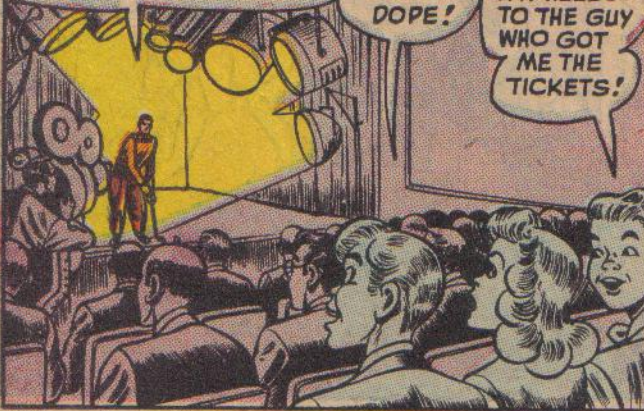


Later, at the television studio in Gotham City...

"AND IN THE CHIP SHOT, THE FOLLOW-THROUGH IS JUST AS IMPORTANT..."

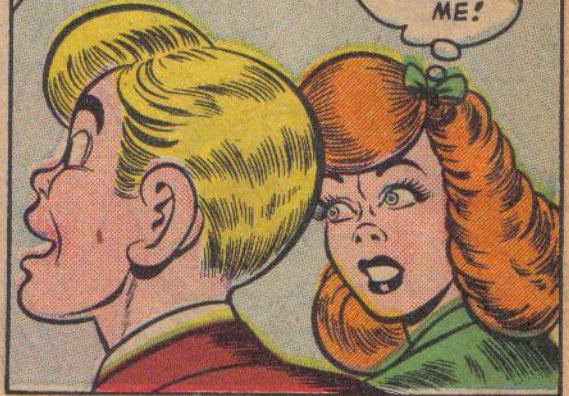
HE SURE HAS THE STRAIGHT DOPE!

SEE YOU IN A MINUTE! I'M GOING OVER TO SAY HELLO TO THE GUY WHO GOT ME THE TICKETS!



...PUTTING CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MEDIOCRE GAME AND ...

TED'S SO INTERESTED IN THAT DOPEY GOLF PRO HE WON'T EVEN NOTICE ME!



Meanwhile...

IT'S A SHAME TED'S MISSING THIS! HE'D REALLY ENJOY IT!

I KNOW, YOU WERE JUST PASSING BY...



THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT CATTY CORNELIA, BUT I CAN'T BE SURE ...

IT IS CORNELIA... AND TED DAWSON!



TED SEEMS TO HAVE FINISHED HIS SCHOOL WORK!

AND HE'S TAKING A POST-GRADUATE COURSE WITH THAT SHE-WOLF, CORNELIA! I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN!



I WOULDN'T WORRY, DEAR! I'M SURE TED HAS A GOOD EXPLANATION... MEN ALWAYS DO!

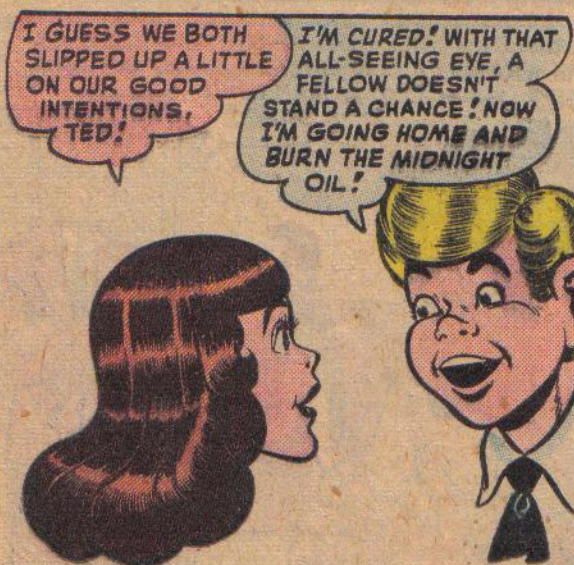
IF HE WERE THE LAST BOY IN HARTWICK, I WOULDN'T EVEN LET HIM SAY HELLO!



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WHERE'S PLAS?

WOOZY WINKS walked nervously down the street, darting worried glances around him. He was obeying Plastic Man's instructions by offering himself as bait in a trap for the Al Bates mob, but where was Plas, who had promised to stay close by and protect him? What if the mob caught him before Plas showed up? Cold sweat trickled down Woozy's spine.

He reached the corner and his breath whistled out in relief. A few feet away, a bright red fire hydrant sat at the curb. Woozy winked at the hydrant. "Okay, Plas ol' pal," he whispered. "I get it. You've shaped yourself like a fire hydrant to fool those killers. I'll stay close."

A moment later the car drove up. It was a flashy yellow convertible with bright red cushions. One man sat behind the wheel and two others got out of the back seat. They converged on Woozy, hands in pockets. "Okay, fat stuff," one of them rasped. "You're going for a little ride. Get in."

Woozy almost laughed aloud. The car was right beside the hydrant. "Thanks, boys," he said, playing it up, "but it's such a lovely day I don't mind walking."

The hard snout of a gun jabbed his ribs. "Nobody asked you any questions, dough-brain. Get in that car."

"Okay," Woozy said. "If you put it that way, what can I say?"

He climbed into the front seat. For the first time he recognized the driver as Al Bates himself. The car roared away from the curb. Woozy peered back and his breath went out. The red hydrant still sat quietly at the curb, unmoving. Suddenly Woozy remembered that the hydrant had always been there. It wasn't Plastic Man at all, nor was there any trace of a red figure sprinting to follow. Sickness caught at Woozy's middle. Sweat rolled into his eyes.

"Now look, fellows," he quavered. "A joke's a joke but I've got important business somewhere else. Just let me out here and—"

"Shut up," one of his captors snarled, moving his gun for emphasis. "You'll come along with us or get it right here."

"Oh, Plas," Woozy moaned. "How could you let me down like this?"

It was horribly clear to him now. Plas had been delayed somehow, just long enough to miss

the kidnapping. He sat and quivered as the car roared out of the city and down a country road. Hope rose and fell in Woozy's trembling breast. The car slowed and came to a stop. Beside the road, a tree blazed red in the sunlight and Woozy's hopes rose and then fell. Plas was good, but not even his plastic body could impersonate all the leaves on a red maple.

"Get out," Al Bates said harshly. "You're going to tell us all the inside dope on your pal, Plastic Man. Where does he hang out when he isn't working? What's his weakness? How can we rub him out?"

Woozy stumbled from the car and the gunmen followed, closing in. Woozy's eyes fell on a red cow grazing peacefully beyond a fence and his fear dropped away. He even managed a swagger. Then the cow got a glimpse of them, whirled and galloped away in alarm. The last he saw of it the animal was running over a distant hill. Then the cow wasn't his pal, Plastic Man, in disguise, either.

"Start talking," Al snarled, and his open hand cracked back and forth across Woozy's face. "We're going to get the answers one way or another. We can make it the hard way if you want to play tough."

Woozy whimpered with fear. Plas had let him down. There was no hope of rescue now, no chance for his life. He fell against the fender of the convertible as his wobbly legs lost their strength.

Suddenly Al Bates stumbled and yelled. He turned angrily. "What was the idea of kicking me, you dumb jerks?"

The gunmen gaped. "We never kicked you, boss. Honest."

"I kicked you," a new voice said, and suddenly the bright red upholstery of the car seat rolled itself together and stood up. The long, flexible arms of Plastic Man whipped out and his powerful fists beat a rhythm on the jaws of the yowling trio.

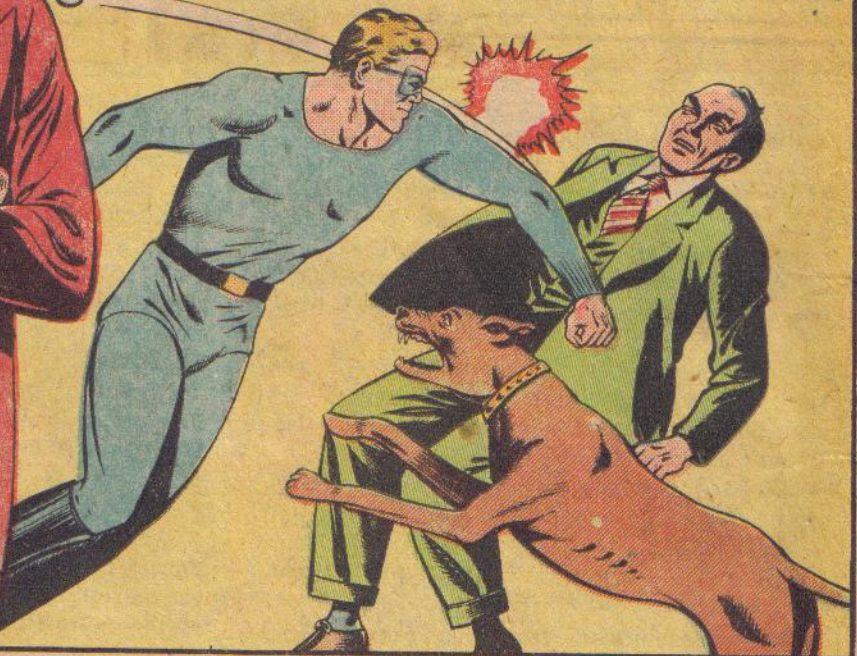
"Plas," Woozy yelled. "You were here all the time. I thought you'd deserted me."

"You should read more comics," Plastic Man said, wrapping an arm around his limp captives. "Any comics reader knows that Plastic Man of the FBI never lets a pal down when the going gets rough."

MANHUNTER



Has Manhunter turned to crime? Has the ever-faithful Thor turned against his master? That's the way it was made to appear by cunning
MIMIC THE GREAT!



As Dan Richards, rookie cop, walks his beat...

OFFICER, I AM **MIMIC THE GREAT!** CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE DEMING THEATRICAL AGENCY?

YES, SIR! THE FIRST ENTRANCE, SECOND FLOOR!



THANKS!

MIMIC THE GREAT, HUH? NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

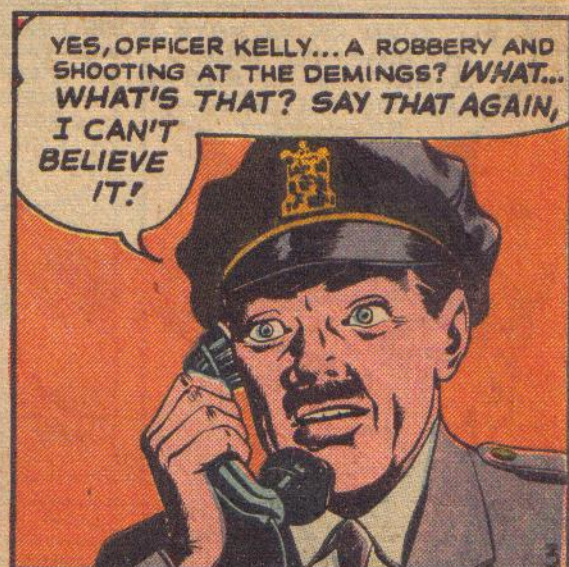


NOW THAT I'M BROKE, I SHALL ONCE AGAIN OFFER THE THEATRE MY GREAT TALENTS!

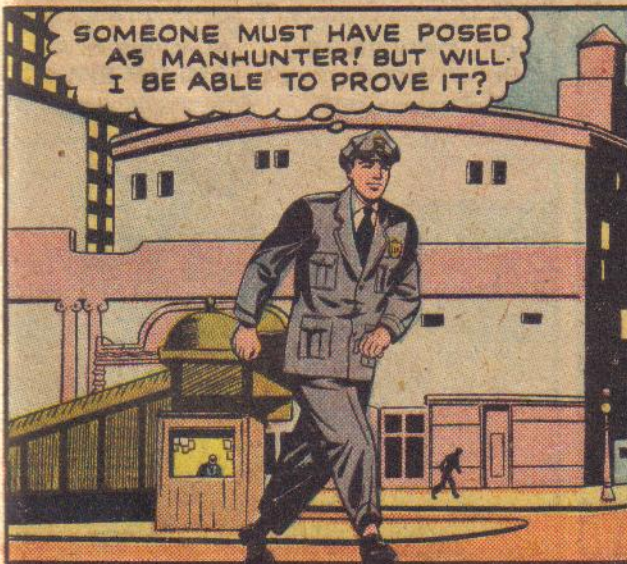


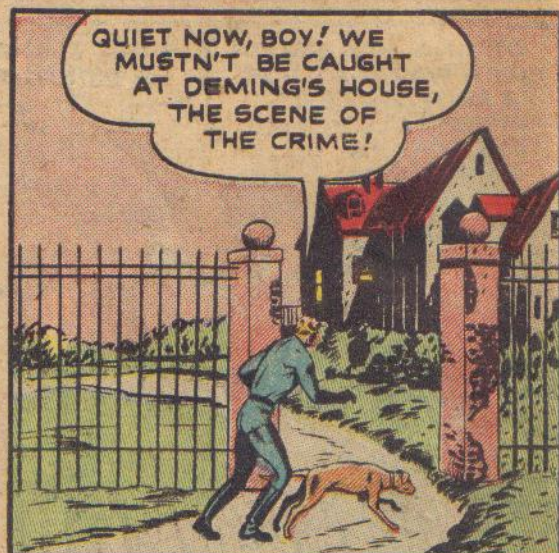
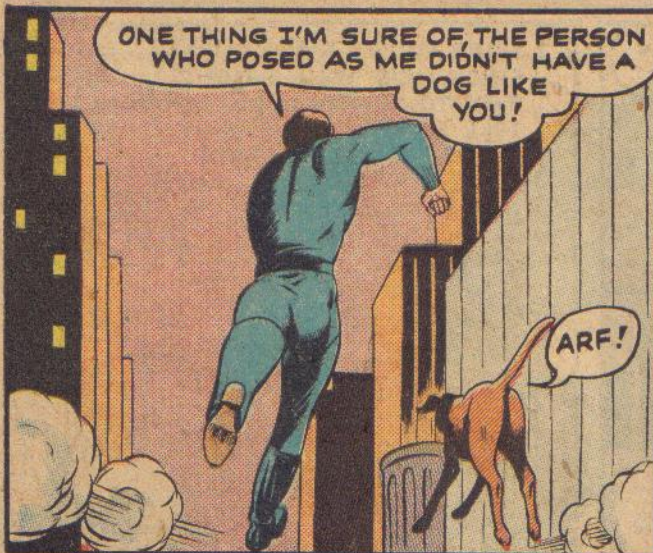
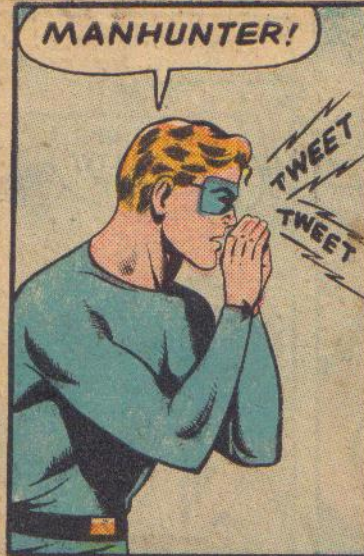


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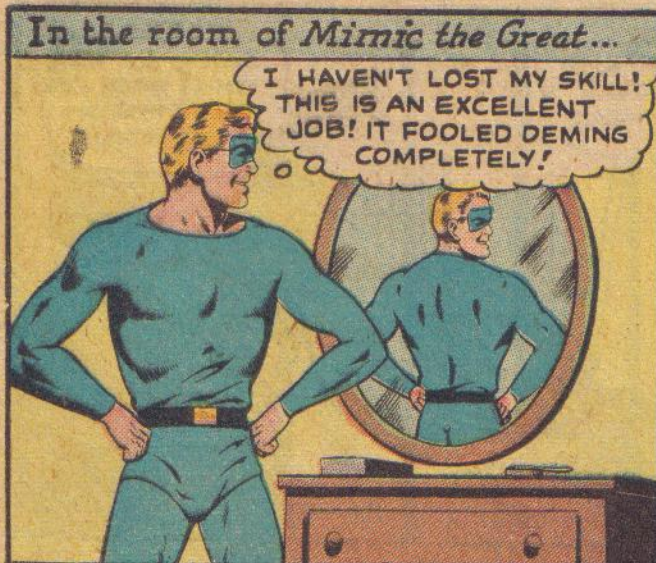
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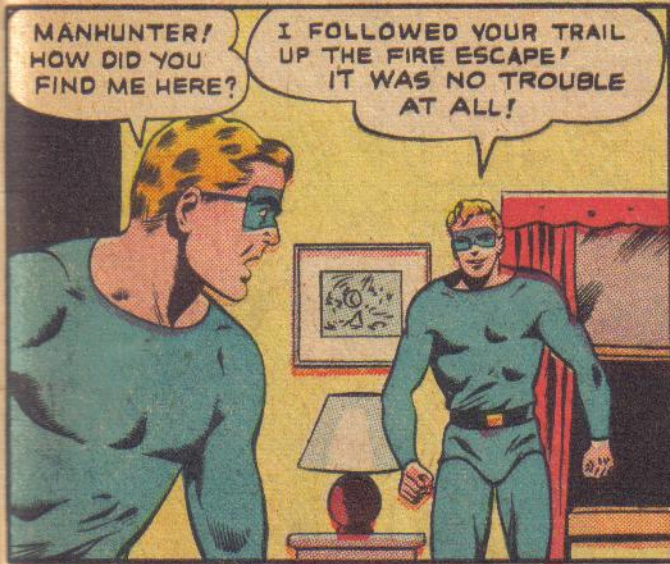




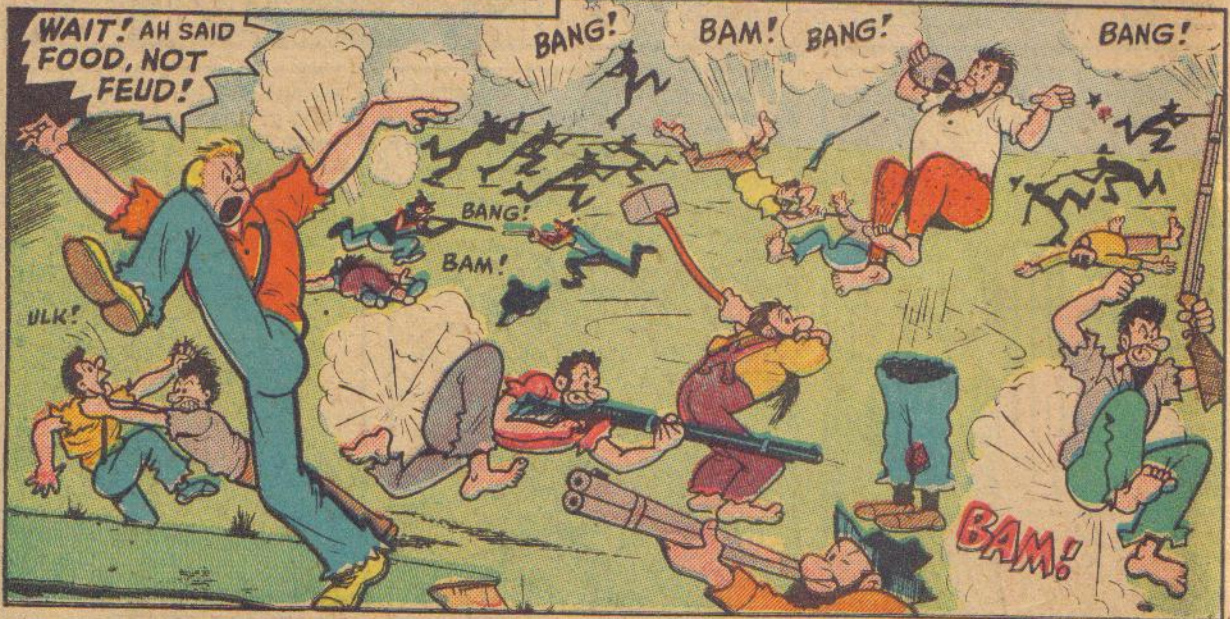
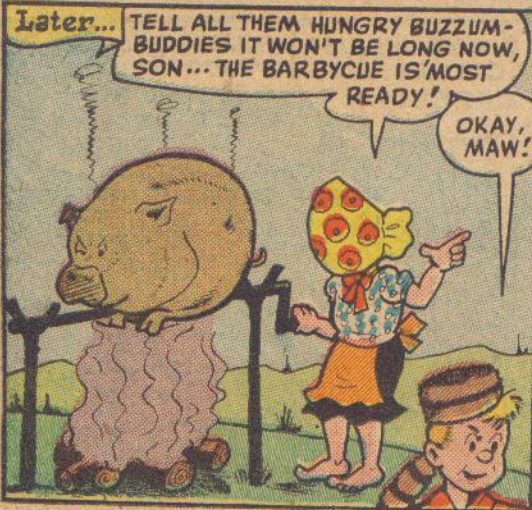
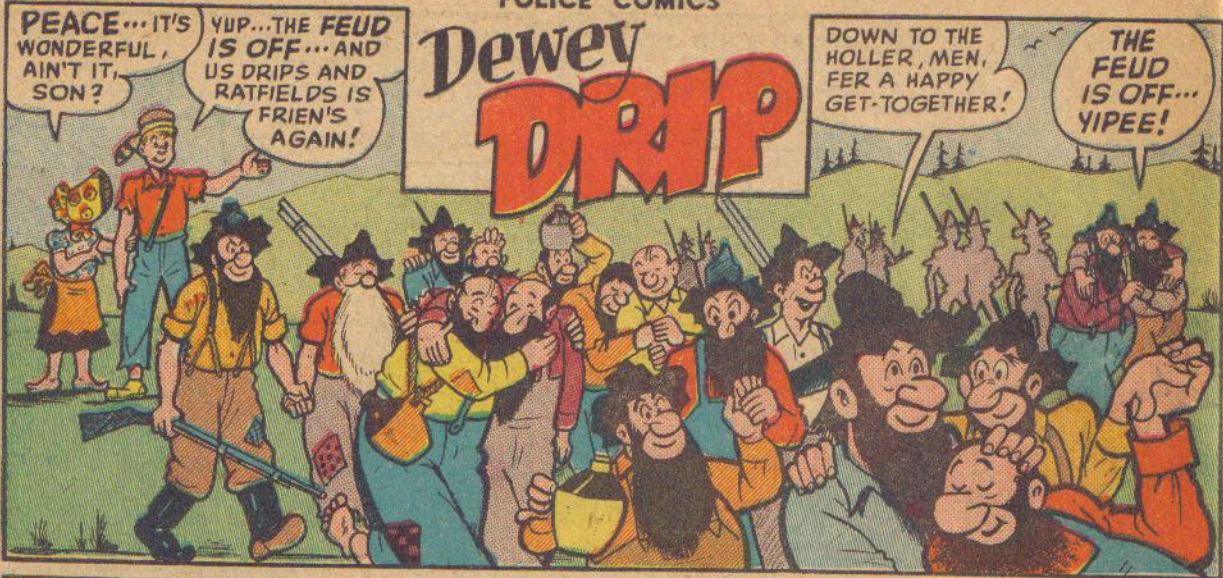
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



Dewey DRIP



BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns **OUTDOOR** action
into **INDOOR** thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
INDOORS BY
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE
GAME BECAUSE
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT
US HERE! NOW ADMIT
YOU WERE KIDDING,
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D
FINISH THE
GAME IN
YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,
THAT LOOKS
SHARP! LET'S
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD--
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE
TRIGGER BAT,
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE
WINNER! THAT'S THE
BEST LOOKING GAME
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!



YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPLIT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC.!

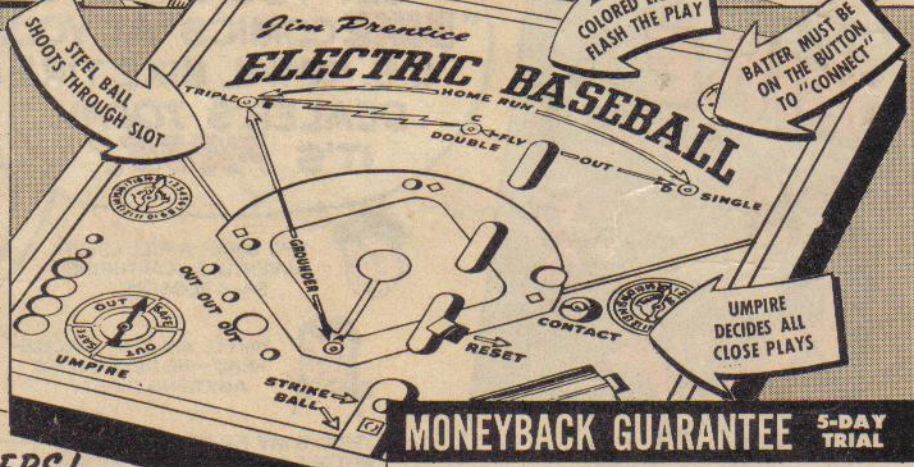
SCIENTIFIC, YET
AS EXCITING AS
CAN BE!

PLAY BALL--
I'M ALL
SET!

SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.



STEEL BALL
SHOOTS THROUGH SLOT

COLORLED LIGHTS
FLASH THE PLAY

BATTER MUST BE
ON THE BUTTON
TO "CONNECT"

UMPIRE
DECIDES ALL
CLOSE PLAYS



Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. REAL FUN—for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
HOLYOKE, MASS.

act fast

MONEYBACK GUARANTEE 5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.
94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed ☐

Name

Street

City and Zone State

VARSITY MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00

☐ Electric Football \$3.00

NEW SUPER MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$10

☐ Electric Football \$10

CASH or C.O.D.

☐ Full payment with order — no collections

☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.

All Games Postpaid

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



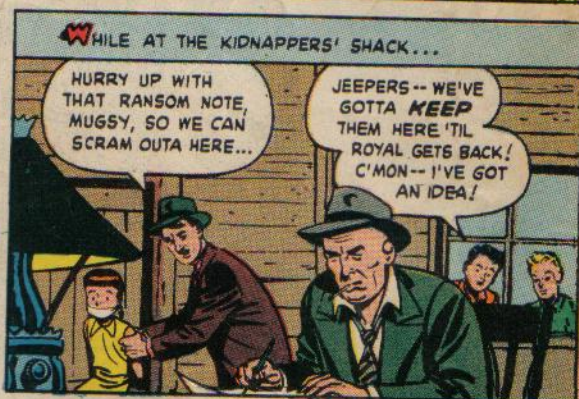
RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY HIDE-OUT. AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T
RUN INTO TROUBLE
BEFORE I GET BACK
WITH THE POLICE...



WHILE AT THE KIDNAPPERS' SHACK...

HURRY UP WITH
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
MUGGY, SO WE CAN
SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEEPERS-- WE'VE
GOTTA **KEEP**
THEM HERE 'TIL
ROYAL GETS BACK!
C'MON-- I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



HOW TH-- WHAT A
TIME FOR **FLAT TIRES!**
GET THE HAND-PUMP--
WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS **FASTER** AND
RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF
TIME!

LETTING THE
AIR OUT OF
THEIR TIRES
SURE WAS A
GREAT IDEA,
FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE!
--WE GOT IT
OUT OF **BIKE**
COMICS IN
"PICNIC PAY-OFF"
WHEN JIMMY
FULLER--

WHOA! DON'T
SPOIL THE
STORY... LET
OUR READERS
GET **THEIR**
FREE COPIES
FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON **U.S. ROYAL**
BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR
WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR **SPEED PLUS**
SAFETY... AND, SAY-- WHEN YOU SEE A
HAPPY HUDDLE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN
BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF
BIKE COMICS AT
THE BOTTOM OF IT!



GET YOUR COPY OF
"**BIKE COMICS**" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE... CAPTURING
BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-
HEAD-- HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE...
WOTTA SELLING JOB HE
DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

Police Comics #93
1941 Series - Quality Comics, August 1949, coverprice 0.10

© Quality Comics *No Title Given*
Cover Credits:
Jack Cole (Pencils) , Jack Cole (Inks)

Cover Feature: Plastic Man

Genre: superhero

Editor: Harry Stein

This series has been indexed by

Lou Mougin .
Stories/features:

1. Twinning Terror
2. [The New Television]
3. Where's Plas?
4. Mimic the Great
5. Humour filler

Series info

Twining Terror

(Sequence 1 , 15 pages)
Feature Story: Plastic Man

Credits:
Jack Cole? (Script), Jack Cole (Pencils), Jack Cole (Inks),

Genre: superhero

Indexer notes:
title from cover; V: Dr. Ameeba (I, D)

[The New Television]

(Sequence 2 , 7 pages)
Feature Story: Candy

Credits:
Harry Sahle? (Script), Harry Sahle? (Pencils), Harry Sahle? (Inks),

Genre: teen Humour

Where's Plas?

(Sequence 3 , 1 page)
Feature Story: Plastic Man

Credits:
? (Script), typeset (Letters).

Genre: superhero

Indexer notes:
Plastic Man text story.

Mimic the Great

(Sequence 4 , 8 pages)
Feature Story: Manhunter

Credits:
Al Bryant (Pencils), Al Bryant (Inks),

Genre: superhero

Indexer notes:
V: Mimic (I)

Humour filler

(Sequence 5 , 1 page)
Feature Story: Dewey Drip

Credits:
Joe Devlin (Script), Joe Devlin (Pencils), Joe Devlin (Inks),

Genre: gag

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